

POLICEMAN FACES BURGLAR WITH GUN, DARING HIM TO FIRE

"You Haven't Got the Nerve
to Shoot!" McSweeney
Shouts at His Quarry.

FOLLOWS UP A LADDER.
Captures Armed Opponent
After Battle on Roof When
Pistol Fails to Go Off.

In the course of his business as a guardian of the peace it became necessary to-day for Policeman McSweeney of the East Eighty-eighth street station to climb up a steep and narrow ladder from the top floor to the roof of the tenement at No. 465 East Eighty-second street. At the top of the ladder on the roof, leaning through an opening just about large enough to admit the passage of a man of McSweeney's bulk, stood a swarthy young burglar with a revolver.

The revolver was pointed right at McSweeney's forehead. The hand that held the pistol trembled, but there was anger and determination in the eyes of the burglar.

"I'll shoot your head off," he shouted at the approaching policeman. "Why-you Dago!" panted McSweeney, who had run all the way up five flights of stairs. "You ain't got the nerve to shoot!"

"I'll shoot! I'll shoot!" screamed the burglar, but he backed away. **BURGLAR'S GUN FAILS TO GO OFF.**

"G'wan and shoot!" said McSweeney, never flinching in his steady climb. "And you'd better shoot before I get hold of you, you dirty young whelp, for I'm going to break you in two."

McSweeney's gun was in his holster, his club was in his belt. His head, then his shoulders, appeared through the hole in the roof. The burglar, pointing his revolver, backed away. McSweeney was on the roof, out of breath and peevish.

The burglar backed away. McSweeney made a leap at him. The burglar pulled the trigger of the pistol. There was a snap as it struck harmlessly on the rim of a defective cartridge.

The burglar turned to run but before he could start 200 pounds of enthusiasm and muscle landed on him. Five minutes later McSweeney lowered a shivering, bleeding, moaning burglar through the hole in the roof to other policemen on the top floor. He had the burglar's revolver in his pocket.

"What do you think of that rotten little crook?" inquired McSweeney, indignantly, as he grunted his way down the ladder. "Why, he tried to shoot me!"

They took the burglar to the station house, where he was named Tony Esposito, his age as twenty-one years, and his address as the Mills Hotel, Thirty-sixth street and Seventh avenue. In his pockets were found pieces of jewelry and money stolen at a short time before from the apartment of Antonio Accorino on the third floor of the tenement at No. 461 East Eighty-third street.

REVOLVER AIDED BURGLAR IN HIS FLIGHT.

Esposito was robbing Accorino's apartment in the presence of the Accorino family at noon when children returning from school saw him and gave the alarm. The burglar with a revolver in his hand charged through the halls and down the stairways of the tenement over to First avenue and south on that thoroughfare.

At Eighty-second street, Policeman McSweeney was peacefully guiding school children across the car tracks. He saw Esposito running and took after him. Esposito ran into the tenement at No. 465 East Eighty-second street, where he was captured.

Esposito's police record shows he was arrested four years ago for stabbing a man but was not convicted.

**MRS. JAMES C. DUFF DIES.
STRICKEN ON THE STREET.**

Wife of Veteran Theatrical Manager Succumbs Suddenly While Out for a Walk on Columbus Avenue.

Mrs. Augusta Duff, wife of James C. Duff, veteran theatrical manager and impresario and brother-in-law of Augustin Daly, was taken suddenly ill to-day while walking in Columbus avenue at Seventy-sixth street. She died before an ambulance from Polytechnic Hospital answered a hurry call.

Mrs. Duff left her home, No. 33 West Tenth street, and took her ten-year-old daughter, Mary, to Durland's Riding Academy and went on toward the residence of her French teacher. On her way there she was stricken.

Mr. Duff, who has been in retirement for several years, was so badly prostrated by news of his wife's death that physicians were summoned to care for him. He was long associated with Augustin Daly in the management of Daly's Theatre, and never relinquished entirely his interest in the playhouse. Just what caused Mrs. Duff's death has not been ascertained. She was forty years old, and had been suffering from rheumatism.

What Makes A Happy Home : SEVENTH ARTICLE OF A SERIES When Dissensions Arise Between Couples Each Should Recall the Courtship Days

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Advice of "A. G." Who Says "Husband and Wife Should Endeavor to See Again the Qualities Which Brought Them Together"—Courtship Is Merely Dress Parade.

MEMORY A KIND
MEDIATOR AT TIMES.

Memories Are Merely the Embers of Love—What Is the Best Fuel to Keep the Flame of Love High and Bright and Clear in a Happy Home? Is Anything to Be Done When the Fire Goes Out?



BY NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH.



NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH

The difference between the real which fills the minds of young persons in love may be only that it lacks the mechanical perfection of not drawn absolutely to scale, not stamped with the precision of wall paper. Perhaps you can tell its quality as much by its imperfections as by its beauties, just as similar things lead you to know hand made lace from the factory product, or an old Oriental rug from a modern imitation.

Of course, we read every now and then that Mr. Thomas Jones or Mr. John Brown arose at the banquet in honor of his golden wedding and, raising his glass to the sweet-faced old lady at his side, remarked that in fifty years they had never spoken a harsh word to each other. I don't know how you feel about these touching stories, but when I read them I know that another name has been added to the long waiting list of the Annapolis Club. For no two human beings can dwell together in uninterrupted harmony for fifty years. It is not even desirable that they should.

We never know a person until we have a real quarrel with her or him. And it's a truism that no woman is ever thoroughly indifferent to a man until it becomes impossible for him to anger her.

The happy home is not without its dissensions. The only hopelessly unhappy home is that wherein a man and a woman have become completely indifferent to each other. Perhaps most of the differences of early married life arise from the fact that both the man and the woman enter upon it with a rigid ideal of happiness in which each endeavors to straitjacket the other.

QUESTION OF JUDGMENT, NOT PERSONALITY.

But really, if Mr. Thomas Jones fails to realize the ideal that his new-made spouse fashioned from novels and youthful imagination, isn't that more the fault of Mrs. Jones's judgment than of Mr. Jones's personality, which, of course, hasn't changed? Surely little Mrs. Jones didn't expect that Thomas would put his cloven hoof on the drawing room table when he came courting her. Etiquette forbade. And naturally Thomas feels that his own home is subject to less rigid restrictions.

The soul has its full dress, its epaulettes and shiny swords, its spectacular decorations, and it puts them all on when it goes a-courting. Also it has its fatigue uniform, its dressing gown and slippers even, and it feels that it has the right to wear them in its own boudoir.

GOOD ADVICE FROM AN EVENING WORLD READER.

Courtship is after all merely dress parade. Yet there is some excellent advice in a letter of an Evening World reader who signs his letter "A. G.," and who says: "When dissensions arise between a husband and a wife, each should try to remember the courtship days, should endeavor to see again the qualities which brought them together."

Memory is a very kind mediator when we invoke her aid. But, after all, the main thing required to keep the fire of love alive in your heart and happiness in your home is to keep on adding more fuel. Memories are merely the embers of love. If by shaking out the embers or shaking them up occasionally you can kindle a new flame, so much the better. But the sacred fire needs replenishing just as much and just as often as it is the humble necessary blaze in the kitchen stove.

Now, what is the best fuel to keep the flame of love high and bright and clear in the happy home? What do the

"Only one man ever guessed the riddle of the Sphinx," writes a reader of The Evening World, "and he died a long time ago. So isn't it extremely cruel to ask us to rack our brains over the question of 'What makes a happy home?' All happiness is relative and some homes are relatively happy—at least happier than others. But is any home as happy as its fond architects imagined when their imaginations made the first blue print of their lives together? I doubt very much."

Certainly, no home, happy or otherwise, is an exact reproduction of the blue print made of it in idealizations prior to its building. But isn't it possible the blue print of dreams may be wrong, the actual structure of married happiness better than the builders knew?

Happiness and the imagined blisses which fill the minds of young persons in love may be only that it lacks the mechanical perfection of not drawn absolutely to scale, not stamped with the precision of wall paper. Perhaps you can tell its quality as much by its imperfections as by its beauties, just as similar things lead you to know hand made lace from the factory product, or an old Oriental rug from a modern imitation.

BAD EYELID MIGHT LOSE AN EMOTIONAL ACTRESS A JOB.

So Daniel Frohman Testifies in Suit of Miss Reid for \$20,000 Auto Accident Damages.

Daniel Frohman, producer of plays and developer of theatrical stars, testified to-day in the Supreme Court that a slight injury to the eyelid of an emotional actress might be a bar to her securing employment. His testimony was given in the suit of Miss Bertha Westbrook Reid, an actress, against Albert Plaut, wealthy president of a big drug company and a director in several large chemical concerns.

Miss Reid alleges the Plaut automobile was run into a car she was driving at Roelle avenue and Ocean drive, Deal Beach, N. J., a couple of years ago and that the lower lid of her right eye was injured in the collision. She declares the injury caused an apparent difference in the size of her eyes. She asks \$20,000 damages.

"Assuming Miss Reid's eye was injured as she alleges," Mr. Frohman was asked, "would it interfere with her work as an emotional actress? Would it prevent her from facially expressing emotion?"

"Anything which would make it difficult for an actress to express an emotion facially would cause a manager to hesitate about employing her," replied Mr. Frohman.

The case is on trial before Justice C. B. Brown of Buffalo, who is sitting here temporarily, and a jury.

FIREMAN MAKE APPEAL FOR HIGHER SALARIES.

Smoke Eaters Get Little Encouragement From Members of Budget Committee.

New York fire laddies anxious to know the probable fate of their agitation for more pay approximating an increase of \$200 for each grade attended the budget hearing on the Fire Department estimate to-day, and after a double hour of the firemen were heard all went away disappointed. They were confronted with the fact that the department has asked for a million and a half dollars more for next year than was allowed for its conduct during the present year and that this proposed increase will be needed for equipment, new fire houses and additions to the present force.

Fire Commissioner Johnson gave some encouragement to the men. He had asked for an increase over last year's estimate of more than three million dollars, this larger amount contemplating the suggested increase of firemen's salaries in every grade. If the budget committee—which in various things right and left—allows the asked for full departmental increase, then the increased salaries will be forthcoming. Commissioner Johnson explained to the committee that he desires to augment the present force by 1,000 men in order to man the thirty-four new fire stations designed and authorized for construction.

POLICEMEN'S NEW COATS TO BE REAL "CLASSY" AFFAIRS THIS YEAR

Swagger-Looking Ulster Will Replace the Old Style Dress Uniform.

If you see a fellow who otherwise looks and acts like a policeman, and you feel inclined to believe he is not because he is wearing a new blue overcoat of the loose-fitting sort of swaggy Ulster type, on the lines of those swell advertising pictures of the college man, think again, because that will be one of the new police overcoats. But the new uniform and overcoat order permits men whose old-style uniforms and overcoats will stand another season's wear to keep and wear them through the year 1912.

The new uniform order went out on Oct. 15, after it had been approved by the uniform committee, which consists of representatives from each rank of the force—Chief Inspector Schmitzberger, Inspectors Titus, McCluskey and Cahillane, Lieut. Enright, Sergeant Nilon and Patrolman McEneaney.

The order calls for a winter uniform blouse, "double breasted, cut to fit figure and made to button to the neck with five buttons," and for a winter overcoat that shall be a "big, loose-fitting, double-breasted Ulster, with a little strap in back."

That little strap behind, although it will add a touch to the swaggy effect of the overcoat, will be fixed so that it will not become a handle for gangsters to grab a policeman by, because the order goes on to specify that the strap shall be tightly sewed all around.

Both coats and overcoats will have two rows of buttons, and the Ulster will be provided with big, strong side pockets with vertical openings. These pockets will also have slits running through the overcoat lining, so that the policeman can reach through and pull out his gun from an inner pocket without opening his overcoat. But, as a matter of fact, it is expected guns will be carried in the overcoat pockets this winter. Neither coats nor overcoats will have belts, and belts have always been complained of because they interfere with quick action on guns.

Commissioner McKay said the new uniform order would reduce the policeman's tailor bill about \$20 by going away with the dress coat.

Some of the men got busy, as soon as the new order was rumored, and pawned their old overcoats, thereby attaching the pawnbrokers with a piece of goods that can't be sold again in New York city.

Cake Baker Used Bad Eggs: Fined.
Samuel Lipsey, a cake baker, of No. 48 Ludlow street, arraigned in the Court of Special Sessions to-day before Justices Steiner, Collins and Sullivan, pleaded guilty to using rotten eggs in his baking. Inspectors Taylor and Distler of the Board of Health on Sept. 25 visited Lipsey's bakery and seized three cases of the decayed eggs. Lipsey paid a fine of \$25.

HIS TRIP TO CONEY WITH GIRL FIGURES IN TIENIUS SUIT

Miss Turk, Witness in \$200,000 Slander Action, Declares It Was in Daytime.

Miss Katie Turk, named in the Tienius-Hollender \$200,000 slander suit before Justice Clark in the Brooklyn Supreme Court, took the stand there to-day to deny the story involving her in the affair.

Miss Turk admitted she had been a friend of Tienius for some years, and said she knew Frederick Hollender just as well. Both men had business relations with her through her brother, the late Barney Turk, whose restaurant and cafe was a heavy customer of the Hollender beers.

Carl Tienius, who preceded her on the stand, was quizzed sharply about his expenditures and particularly as to how he spent the \$10,000 a year drawing account which he carried in the firm.

The old gentleman had evidently been prepared for such a question, for, as soon as it was asked, he drew out a memorandum from which he read: "\$2,000, treating customers; \$1,500, maintaining summer home in Poccon Mountains; \$1,000 for clothing for himself; \$1,500 for clothing for his family; \$1,200 for rent of office; \$1,300 a year pin money to his wife, and the balance on sundries."

Mrs. Tienius, to whom it is alleged Hollender told the story of Tienius spending money, time and affections on Miss Turk, was a witness for her husband.

Her story of her call on Miss Turk was corroborated in detail by Miss Turk. Both women agreed they had been seated in Hollender had indulged in slander when he said Miss Turk was intimate with Tienius. The contention of the defense that Tienius gave Miss Turk a valuable breakfast was brought up on her cross-examination.

"Why, the collector for the Hollender Brewery Company always gave me some such present every Christmas," explained Miss Turk. "Ours was a mighty good account."

She admitted later she had been on a trip to Coney Island with Tienius, but said it was an afternoon trip. He had asked her sister to accompany them, but she was not able to go, and they returned late in the same afternoon, she said.

Miss Turk was asked to repeat the name by which Miss Tienius had greeted her, but she declined to do so. A discussion of the merits of the story Hollender told Mrs. Tienius.

"I can't remember the word," Miss Turk replied. "I didn't know what it meant, and I didn't pay much attention to it."

"Was it 'canaille'?"
"Yes; that was it. I remember it now."

Frederick Hollender called on Miss Turk after the visit of Mrs. Tienius last March, she said, and after inquiring what Mrs. Tienius had asked her, declared he had never told her any such story. Hollender will be the only witness for himself.

**TRIED FOR SUNDAY MURDER
IN A CONEY ISLAND CAFE**

Benjamin Silver, Jointly Indicted With His Sister, Has Separate Trial.

Benjamin Silver was put on trial to-day in the Criminal Branch of the Supreme Court of Kings County before Justice Marston for the murder of Leo Skanne, a fifty-year-old waiter, at Coney Island on May 6 last. Silver is jointly indicted with his sister, Mrs. Sadie Littlebaum, and at the request of Robert Elder, his attorney, the man was tried first. Mrs. Littlebaum remaining in the courtroom.

Skanne was shot to death in a cafe kept by Mrs. Littlebaum in Surf avenue, Coney Island, early on a Sunday morning. The shots were heard by Policeman Burns, who was in the cafe within half a minute. He found Mrs. Littlebaum standing beside the body of Skanne, who had been shot through the head and body. A man was just disappearing into the shadows of a rear room. The policeman hustled after the disappearing man and found himself in a dark closet. There Silver was found hiding.

Both Silver and Mrs. Littlebaum were arrested, but the woman was discharged by the Magistrate in Coney Island Police Court the next day and promptly disappeared. She was recently found in Maine. There were no witnesses to the shooting. Mr. Elder has not disclosed his line of defense.

Killed in Runaway.
(Special to The Evening World.)
MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., Oct. 21.—When his team took fright and ran away at Westtown early to-day, Fred Behrens, a well-to-do farmer, was thrown from the wagon and instantly killed.

Bronx Girl Who Went Mad After Seeing Child Burned



MRS. PAULINE GREITZE.

**RESCUER NEARLY DROWNED
BY GIRL HE WAS SAVING.**

But He Brings Her to Shore Unconscious—Another Girl Also Saved.

Two exciting rescues of young women following the capsizing of a dory near Herli & Auer's Launch Works, Coney Island, the Bronx, early last evening, were witnessed by a number of persons gathered on the wharf.

Returning from an afternoon's outing in the launch Vampire, owned by Sidney B. Mickox, of 224 Gleason avenue, Bronx, Arthur Kieckx, a son, aged nineteen; Miss Marie Zeitgraf, nineteen, of No. 236 Gleason avenue, and Miss Florence Prouff, fourteen, of No. 224 Gleason avenue, entered a dory. When the craft reached the float the girls attempted to jump at the same time. The dory turned turtle, precipitating its three occupants into the water.

Hickox grasped Miss Prouff and succeeded in getting her to the float. As Miss Zeitgraf, screaming, was swept beyond reach of the dory, George Auer, aged nineteen, dived from the wharf as the young woman sank for the first time. He grasped her before she had reached the surface, but soon found himself in her grasp, her struggles carrying the two under. Auer managed to free himself and to reach the float with his burden, but not until the girl had become unconscious. Miss Zeitgraf was revived after several minutes' application of artificial respiration.

WOMAN'S NECK BROKEN.
Killed by Fall Downstairs in Her Hotel at Middletown, N. Y.

(Special to The Evening World.)
MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., Oct. 21, Eve.—Catching her foot while descending the stairs at her hotel here last night, Mrs. Thomas H. Perry, 69 years old, fell to the bottom, breaking her neck. Mrs. Perry was the widow of Thomas H. Perry, Sr., a well-known hotel proprietor of this city. Her son, Thomas H. Perry, Jr., died suddenly a short time ago.

A Real Diplomat.
(From the Orange Record-Herald.)
"Why does your son wish to enter the diplomatic service? Does he think he has a special aptitude for it?"
"Yes; he has been a member of a church choir for two years without becoming involved in any of its quarrels."

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